EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

An Iowa School Ma'am Gives Some First Week Comments—Hints on Teaching Geography—Football Brutality—Educational Notes.

Some First-Week Comments.

On the second day of school after the summer vacation I began to be somewhat acquainted with the new element that had entered my room to take the place of the ambitious class that had just gone up higher.

I had seen the most of them about the building for a year or two, and the teacher who had sent them up from the grade below sent most of their reputation along with them.

She did not consider her duty done until she had reported to me each case of insubordination usually accompanied by remarks commendatory of her own management, together with suggestions to the effect that I follow the same course of management for the ensuing year.

Thus I knew quite a bit of their history, and was fully prepared to see Janet wiggle until my own nerves began to respond, to see the little Norsk fellow look at me as if I were a spook whenever I asked him a question and to be on the qui vive for the chap that was always watching for an opportunity for mischief and was always improving it.

But I thought it would have been more interesting if I could have found out a few of these peculiarities for myself, and I felt convinced that I could have met these children on a better footing if the rule had not been revised and I had not had "their virtues written in nonpareil and their faults in big long primer."

Next year when my co-worker in the grade below comes to me with her rehearsal I shall kindly but frankly suggest that those mines of hidden wealth be left all undiscovered to me.

I would like the opportunity just once to follow the example of the immortal Garfield when he began a new school, and study each little intellect in a free and untrammeled manner when I seek my repose at night.

I am somewhat in the habit of going immediately to the land of Nod, but if I had all that new psychological material to study out, perhaps I might manage to cheat Morpheus a trifle.

There were some early surprises for me, however. The most startling came from a little girl who was a stranger. Her mother had accompanied her when she first came, and had expressed great regret that she was compelled to leave her in my grade. "For," she said, "she reads just beautifully in the Fourth Reader and you can't think how much geography she knows." The principal, however, was unappreciative, and insisted that she be put in a room with children of her own age.

She had read for me, and seemed to understand her work, but when a little later I distributed some copies of "Happy Days" and called on her to read, you can imagine my astonishment when she utterly failed to make any headway. I asked her what was the trouble. She did not know the first word.

"Spell it."

"I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

Was the child crazy?

"How can you read in the Fourth Reader?"

"I know the words there."

Fast!

O, mystery explained! The poor child had been taught by a method that made her acquainted only with the words contained in Swinton's series. I have not decided yet just what I shall do with her, but I know she is going to be a trial.

The second surprise I had was when I gave to each pupil a paper on which I had drawn a circle; with instructions to fill a continent in this hemisphere. On looking the papers over, I found that one little fellow had written in the circle "A continent is a large body of land surounded by water." This was his mental picture of a continent!

But he had not been taught in our school where every child is expected, as far as possible, to get the ideas of geography into form and where preliminary work in geography is made a delight to every one of them.

If that little fellow with the word-idea of the continent had become used to our maps of typical land formations, he would not have needed to use his cumbersome definition in the circle.

This September weather is simply crushing, and when the mercury is up in the nineties these irregularities are an awful drain on the vitality of us teachers.—Iowa Normal Monthly.

Hints on Teaching Geography.

Among the so-called common branches no other one seems to be receiving so much attention from persons interested in education as geography. There is a widespread feeling that this subject is not generally taught in such a way as to be either interesting or fruitful. Now, we are thoroughly convinced that no subject of school study is better calculated both to awaken deep interest in the pupils and to bear fruit than this, if it be rightly taught. One reason is that it deals with things so intimately connected with daily life, even from the earliest years. Another is that it furnishes the mind with vivid pictures more readily than any other of the common studies.

He who teaches geography well must never lose sight of the two thoughts just suggested. In any stage of the study, whatever is brought before the pupil for his consideration and acquisition must be set in its relation to man—to his pleasure, his comfort, his progress, and the supplying of wants. As Prof. Guyot pointed out years ago, geography includes a knowledge of the earth and man—that is, in their relation to each other. Now, it is the easiest thing in the world to get a child, in his early years, to see and feel some of the most important of these relations. He walks upon the earth from the first, he notes the features of land and water, he feels the effect of the weather and of the seasons, he sees the development of plant life and animal life. He is also born into political, economic and social relations of which geography takes account. Hence, from start to finish, if the right course be taken with him, the pupil is vividly conscious of a personal relation to the matter of his study. Such a consciousness is sure to beget an abiding interest such as Herbart so persistently pleads for.

Do Our Schools Promote Joyousness?

A few weeks since a school boy in Cincinnati committed suicide by taking poison. According to the newspapers, the boy was despondent because of the low average he had taken in school, and sought in this desperate way to put an end to his troubles. The sad incident is well fitted to beget serious and searching inquiry by teachers and by parents into the working of the system which may be supposed to be in some measure responsible for the sad quenching of a young life. We do not know whether any vigorous and thorough investigation was made into the circumstances, but, if not, there ought to have been such an inquest. It is but seldom, we may believe, that the native buoyancy and hopefulness of youth can be so completely crushed out as to leave a young lad the victim of utter despair. But even one such incident suggests many questions touching the school systems of the day, which are worthy of the most painstaking thought. One of these questions, suggested by the New York School Journal, we commend specially to the attention of our readers. Very much is implied in it. "Does it (the school) cultivate the natural joyousness of children?" This does not simply mean, we take it, Does the school completely suppress the buoyancy of spirit which is so characteristic of healthy children of school age, but, rather, Does it tend to such a result? If so, we may be sure there is something radically wrong with the system or the teacher. We know of our own observation that there is such a tendency in some of the Toronto schools, which are, on the whole, we take it, nowise inferior to those of other localities. We have, within the last year or two, known cases in which boys of average parts and brightness were found to be losing their natural joyousness and becoming morose and ill-natured under the combined strain and restraint of school work and discipline. But the other day a mother was commiserating the hard case of her boy, who was being kept in night after night to complete work which he and many fellow-sufferers were almost habitually unable to overtake in the regular school and home work hours. What joy in life can a young lad have who can hardly find time, except on Saturdays and occasional holidays, for a real, rousing game? What is more pitiable than a boy of eight or ten with prematurely staid gait and demeanor, and careworn expression, at the age which nature intended to be filled with shout and laughter and merry antics? Our contemporary very fittingly quotes these words from Jean Paul Richter:

"I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can yet raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope, but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison-drop of the present. Think of a child led to the scaffold; think of Cupid in a Dutch coffin; or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean."—Educational Journal.

A Victim of Football.

Lieut. Leonard M. Price, Second Infantry, United States Army, died at the Presbyterian Hospital Nov. 1, from injuries received in the famous army and navy football games at Annapolis in 1892. In the scrimmage for the ball Price, who was under the struggling mass of players, was struck by an unknown Annapolis player, who fell on the small of his back with both knees. Price could not rise, and he was carried off the field. An examination showed two floating ribs on his left side were broken and internal injuries inflicted. He was sick for some time, but after he had graduated and gone into the army it was thought all danger from his injuries was past. While exercising in his post gymnasium at Fort Omaha eight months ago, he again experienced the old pains. He returned to his home in Bloomington, Ill., where the family physician pronounced his sickness a result of the injuries received in the football game of 1892. He leaves a widow and a two weeks' old child.

Schoolroom Courtesy.

Do the children who enter the school room before the opening of school move about quietly?

Do they salute the teacher as they enter?

Do they prepare for work in an orderly manner?

Are they kind and considerate of one another?

Are they neat and clean?

Is the teacher an example to the children in neatness of personal attire, helpfulness and courtesy?—School Education.

Notes.

Mississippi has the least percentage of white illiteracy of any of the Southern States.

Many young Hungarians of Cleveland have petitioned Superintendent Jones for a night school, specially adapted to their needs.

The University of Michigan enrollment will easily reach 3,000 this year. All this in spite of the medical row and the lengthening of the law course to three years.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR NINE.

Destined to Annihilate Space and Time Alike.

Time is now to be annihilated by the "nonaplet," or the bicycle built for nine, which is the latest novelty in the cycling world. Manned by nine "scorchers," this machine is said to be capable of covering a mile in twenty seconds, or twelve seconds better than the best railroad record for the distance. This is also faster than the fastest horse and faster than any bird.

Three miles a minute! The brain whirls at the thought. It is even claimed that the "nonaplet" can beat twenty seconds if it were possible to secure a crew of riders who could sit on the wheel during such a dizzy flight, or if it could be established that respiration would be possible at such a speed. But it is well-known that the New York Central engineer who ran the mile in thirty-two seconds had no difficulty in the matter of respiration. This new flying machine, like many other wonders, is a California creation. The inventor is Alfred Thompson. The machine is built of aluminum and weighs 180 pounds. It has a 30-inch wheel, and its gear will be 225.

Herein lies the secret of its phenomenal speed. A "quad," or bicycle for four, manned by the Delmas-Smith-Jones-Davis team, made a mile in one minute and thirty-five seconds even, or one-half second faster than the horse Salvator, the holder of the world's record for the mile made at Monmouth Park Aug. 28, 1890.

The best mile ever made on a bicycle was by Edwards of California last spring. On that occasion he was paced by the "quad" team above named. The object of "pacing" a cyclist with a tandem or "quad" is to break the wind for the racer. He follows closely in the vacuum thus created, and thus has the advantage of suction as well as absence of wind resistance. The time—1:35—made by the "quad" is thus better really than that made by Edwards.

This "quad" was geared at ninety. As the speed increases with the gearing it will not be a difficult matter to calculate the normal speed of a machine geared at 225 to be a mile in 38 seconds. From that point the skill and speed of the riders must enter into the calculation.

In order to understand the possibilities of this wonderful machine it is necessary to know what is meant by the term "bicycle gear." The gear of a safety having wheels twenty-eight inches in diameter is arrived at by dividing the number of teeth in the large sprocket by the number of teeth in the small sprocket, which is on the hub of the rear wheel, and multiplying the quotient by the diameter of the wheel. For instance, 18 (teeth of large sprocket) divided by 8 (teeth of small sprocket) equals 2¼; this multiplied by 28 (diameter of wheel) equals 63, the diameter in inches of an imaginary wheel, each revolution of the pedal of which would cover a lateral distance of 16.48 feet.

The circumference of a wheel of 63-inch gear is 197.92 inches; the circumference of the circle described by the foot on an 8-inch crank is 50.26 inches. For each inch traveled by the foot there is a progression of the wheel of 3.94 inches. Were the crank 6½ inches the progression would be 4.84 inches. The apparent gain by the long crank in power is therefore nullified by the greater motion.

The principle of dynamics is well known. A bicycle is a road engine driven by human power and comes under the same laws as the locomotive. Freight engines have low gears in the sense that the cranks are comparatively near the rims of the driving wheels, while express locomotives have a short stroke, or what would represent high gear in a bicycle.

By comparison it will be noticed that if an ordinary 28-inch wheel of 63 gear covers 16½ feet with each revolution of the pedal a wheel geared to 189 would with each revolution of the pedal cover three times the distance, or 49½ feet. It would be impossible for less than nine ordinary men to furnish the short stroke or high gear power necessary to maintain the 225 gear.

A World reporter has interviewed a number of experts in bicycle construction, and they agree that there is nothing impossible in the claims of the builder of the California "nonaplet." Bicycle machinery is as capable of development as that of locomotives.

The fastest railroad mile on record was made by the Empire Express on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad May 11, 1893, in a run of one mile from Crittenden west. This mile was made in 32 seconds, and was at the rate of 112½ miles an hour. This was done with locomotive "999," afterwards exhibited at the World's Fair. The engineer was Charles Hogan.

Since John S. Johnson, by wheeling a mile in 1:35 2-5, beat the great Salvator's record of 1:35¼, no less than five professionals have beaten the horse, yet no horse has beaten Salvator. And now four men on a quad beat Salvator's time, making their own pace, that is wheeling with all the disadvantages of wind. There is a difference in the Class A record as given in the World's Almanac of 1895 of over 22 seconds between the paced and unpaced bicycle.

A claim that it is safe is not advanced for this bicycle that is to make the race horse seem a snail. The men who will ride it will actually take their lives in their hands. In proof of this are the accounts of the Delmas-Smith-Jones-Davis "quad" team performance in California. The Wheel of New York says when the team made their best time half a second better than the fast horse, after making their mile they could not stop their machine. At the awful speed they dared not attempt to back-pedal for fear of being hurled from the seat and dashed to pieces, and the machine ran several miles along the straight, level road. When the riders alighted from their perilous positions their faces were blanched the hue of death, so great had been the nervous strain and the fear of accident—always imminent—which would pitch them to destruction. All four of the strong, skillful wheelmen were so prostrated that they did not attempt to ride for weeks.

FORTUNES IN SCRAP IRON.

Matters in Which Railroads Might Increase Dividends.

Even upon roads where proper facilities for handling scrap are furnished, we find a lack of appreciation on the part of many officers of the importance of thoroughly and frequently collecting old material, especially iron. While certain yards and portions of the right of way are picked up weekly or even daily, at other points on the same line once a year may be considered often enough for a general cleaning up. The consequence is, under the latter conditions, that we find large quantities of iron sinking into the ground or being covered up with grass, weeds, or rubbish. Too much importance is often attached to the cost of labor for proper scrap collection, but a laborer going over every foot of ground, say every other day, will save many times his wages by saving material which would be lost or stolen.

In one case recently the experiment was made of sending a laborer out for one-half day, with instructions to pick or rather dig up only such iron as was seen partly buried in the ground. The result was that in the half day enough iron was resurrected to pay the year's dividend upon a share of the capital stock after deducting the wages of the laborer for the half day. The pieces of iron saved were mainly little things which are generally considered too small to notice, but which rated mostly as No. 1 wrought scrap. Only a small portion of the total yard was gone over, and no rails or other large matters were looked for. Such a quest should be made frequently, and a scrutiny of the results reached would interest many a railway officer. On a large road the sale of scrap material amounts to thousands of dollars annually, and as a rule closer and better collections of the same can be made than is the usual practice. Railway officers are too apt to forget that earnings from scrap sales are just as valuable in the net financial outcome of the year as the similar amounts of money derived from traffic.—Railway Master Mechanic.

Insect Life.

In every patch of moss exists little families, communities and nations, that carry on the business of life in their own queer fashion, which, nevertheless, affords many parallels to human life and man's ways of doing things. These pygmy peoples have their governments, their wars, their children and their homes to look after; they have servants, household pets and police; they are cattle raisers, farmers, hunters and fishers, and practice all the handicrafts of men. Take, for example, the paper makers. While the rest of mankind were writing imperishable thoughts on all sorts of clumsy makeshifts, the pith of reeds—cut spirally and flattened by pressure—leather, the leaves of palm trees, wood, stone, clay, and what not, the Chinese painted their tiresome treatises on paper; but even they did not invent paper. Long before they discovered how to make it, the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable article of this valuable substance, "by very much the same process," says Mr. James Rennie, "as that by which human hands now manufacture it with the best aid of chemistry and machinery."

From Floor to Ceiling.

Some of the old fashions are best, despite our boasted progress. The French windows that could be set ajar like so many doors are beginning to find favor again, because they make perfect ventilation possible, especially in those cases where they are to be found on several sides of a house, allowing a current of air to sweep directly through rooms and to penetrate every corner. The drawback to the ordinary windows is that if opened two or three feet above the floor, when the air pours in the heavy gases are apt to settle and stay inside. Even when a room is provided with a ventilator near the top, the stratum of impure air above may remain. With a window extending from the floor to the ceiling, and made so that it can be opened wide, a complete change of air in a room is possible.

Scabbards.

Wooden scabbards covered with hardened India rubber are to take the place of the leather scabbards at present used by the Russian cavalry. Experiments made with the new equipment are said to show that it is not affected by frost, moisture, or the heat of the sun.

Walnuts.

Walnut shells are in demand in London for the purpose of adulterating ground cinnamon, and bring more than the whole walnuts. The powdered shells are not distinguishable unless the microscopic examination is an unusually careful one.

Pyritine.

Pyritine is a new explosive, invented by a man in Bordeaux, who says it is much more powerful than melinite and will so reduce the weight of ammunition that each man will be able to carry 240 rounds without trouble.

Explained.

Mamma—Why do you always run so fast when sent on an errand, Bertie?

Bertie—Because, mamma, the faster I run the shorter it always makes the distance.—New York World.

There is no help in the case of a woman who can't get a servant.

FERRIED ON A POLE.

Novel Feat Performed by an Aged Lumberman in Maine.

Although John Cusack, ex-lumberman of Moose Island, in Morehead lake, is now 65 years of age, he has not lost his dexterity in executing some of the difficult feats in log-walking that made his name famous on the west branch of the Penobscot for many years. He was in Foxcroft last Saturday and, in recounting some of his past exploits in the office of the exchange hotel, was bantered by some of the boys, who doubted that he could do all he said he could. The old man was game and the upshot of the matter was that a bet between him and Sam Sanford, the liveryman, that he would that afternoon cross the Piscataquis river with no other support than a stick so small that, rested upon his wrist, he could hold it out at arm's length. The fact that the day was chilly and the water running almost ice-cold in the river was not, to Mr. Cusack's mind, a circumstance worth taking into account.

The word quickly passed about the village of what was to be attempted and at 4 o'clock, the hour set for the trial, the banks of the river above the mill-dam were lined with spectators. Mr. Cusack appeared on time, carrying a long pikepole, which was to serve him as balancing pole and propeller, and a bundle containing a checked gingham shirt and drilling overalls, his substitute for professional tights. The stick upon which he was to ride was upon the bank, a binding pole such as is used in securing a load of hay upon a cart. It was the trunk of a spruce sapling, fifteen feet long, of four inches diameter at the butt, and it weighed about thirty-five pounds.

Attored in his performing costume and in his stocking feet, Mr. Cusack launched his stick, pushed it out to deep water and with a quick spring landed on it at a point six feet from the butt, where he perched as securely as a rope walker upon a tight rope. The end of the stick upon which he rested sank beneath his weight until the water was breast high to him, while the forward and smaller end rose from the water, pointing like a finger mark to the opposite shore. Using the pikepole, held by both hands in the middle as a double oar, the old man, with a forward motion, scooped himself along at no small rate toward the further bank, while two men followed in a boat ready to rescue him in case of mischance. There was no occasion for their services in his behalf. The distance was 200 yards, but he did not slacken stroke as he churned along, his head and shoulders rising and falling above the chill black waters with his swift strokes, while he varied the monotony of the exercise by an occasional whoop or shouted compliment to the ladies among the spectators upon the opposite shore. He crossed the river in five minutes and landed, fresh and smiling, amid the applause and congratulations of the people gathered there.

On his return to the starting point, where the principal crowd was assembled, he gave a further exhibition of his skill in log riding. Standing upon the slender submerged stick by skillfully shifting his balance he brought the end up so that he touched it with his head, and also sat upon the pole with head and feet above the surface. After his return to the hotel he refused all stimulants except a comforting bowl of ginger tea pressed upon him by the landlord, and has since shown no ill effect whatever from his recent exertion and the severe exposure he underwent. He has offered to repeat the performance this week on a similar wager.—Foxcroft, Me., letter to the New York Sun.

Horseless Carriages.

Carriages without any horses are already so common in France that they excite no comment. Naphtha or petroleum has thus far proved the most efficacious motive power for carriages. There are very few horseless vehicles in which electricity is used as the motive power, the reason being that electricians have not yet solved the problem of practical and economical storage batteries. When the solution comes, as it undoubtedly will, electric carriages will probably spring into world-wide use.

Hats of Wood.

A machine has been patented for making hats out of wood. A log of wood, cut square, fed to the machine, is converted into fine strips of wood much resembling excelsior. It is claimed that when these are moistened they can be woven much more readily than straw, and make a durable hat. The inventor says the substance is lighter in weight than straw, and that because of its easier manipulation and lower cost it will supersede the straw now used for headgear.

Artificial Rhyme.

There are five or six thousand English words for which there is no rhyme; they can only be employed at the end of the verse by transposing the accent, or constructing an artificial rhyme out of two words. Among other words to which there are no rhymes may be mentioned month, silver, liquid, spirit, chimney, warmth, gulf, sylph, music, breadth, depth, width, honor, iron, echo.

A Present Due.

Mrs. Dix—"I wonder what present my husband will bring me to-night."

Mrs. Hicks—"What makes you expect one? Is it your birthday?"

Mrs. Dix—"No-o; we quarreled this morning."—Tit-Bits.

Silly George.

"But why have you thrown George over?"

"Oh, I hate him! The other evening he asked me if he might give me a kiss and because I said 'No' he didn't."—Sketch.

THEY SETTLED IT.

Difficulty Between Deadwood Jack and Montana Jim.

Deadwood Jack was no scholar, but he insisted that he was a gentleman. The same was the case with Montana Jim. Therefore when we learned that Jack had come over to Custer City to "have it out" with Jim we felt assured that it would be a genteel affair from start to finish. Jack had put up at the Last Chance Saloon, written his name on the Ace of Spades and sent a messenger over to the Bald Eagle's Roost to say to Jim:

"Compliments of Deadwood Jack, and he hopes you have no engagement to prevent your meeting him in the public square this evening to settle the little misunderstanding that has existed for several months."

And Jim wrote his name on the Ace of Spades and instructed the messenger to say:

"Compliments of Montana Jim, and he assures D. J. that it will afford him the utmost pleasure to shoot at him at exactly 7 o'clock this evening at the place mentioned."

Each was about town during the afternoon, and they encountered each other a dozen times. On every occasion each raised his hat and bowed and expressed the hope that the other was well and happy. At 6 o'clock each retired to his headquarters and carefully cleaned and loaded his two guns. There was no bragging or boasting—no posing for effect. Both were game men and both dead shots, and the chances were even up between them. No one knew the cause of the trouble between them, and neither man entered into explanation. At exactly 7 o'clock they appeared on opposite sides of the square, each with his arms folded. They approached within thirty feet of each other and bowed, and then Rocky Mountain Joe gave the word. Four hands dropped down—four revolvers were jerked from their holsters, and the first two shots made but one report. Then there was a pop! pop! pop! faster than one could count, and of a sudden both men went down. It was Deadwood Jack who slowly reached his feet a moment later. He had pulled down his gun to fire when the referee held up his hand and said:

"That'll do, Jack—he's passed in!"

Montana Jim had four bullets in him—Deadwood Jack had two. The latter stood there with the blood dripping from his hip and shoulder as the crowd closed in, and then quietly observed:

"Gentlemen, let the funeral be conducted in a dignified, genteel fashion, and then send me in the bill by a gentleman!"—Detroit Free Press.

Driving Out the Sea.

Perhaps it is because Holland is such a dainty little morsel that old Ocean longs to swallow her; however that may be, the people have been forced to construct great dikes to keep at bay the white crested waves that grind upon the shore like devouring teeth. And even the dikes do not altogether keep out the sea. Five centuries ago the land which is now covered by a great inland body of water called the Zuyder Zee was green with waving forests and dotted in the clear places with farms and pretty cottages. But little by little the sea ate it up. The Hollanders have determined to reclaim it, and with this end in view are about to begin the construction of a gigantic sea-wall which is to extend from North Holland to Friesland, and will enclose much of the inland sea. Thus the tides will be shut out, and the water in the enclosure gradually drained off through a central channel. It will be the work of years to drive out the sea, but the undertaking has been pronounced a practical one by eminent engineers. It is anticipated that 25,000 acres of land will be annually reclaimed when the wall, which is to be 216 feet wide at its base, has been completed.

A Heartless Wife.

Norton Wadsworth is one of those men who are liable to give way to despondency. On such occasions he threatens to commit suicide. Not long since something went wrong, and he said he would drown himself in the cistern.

"Not in the cistern. We are using that for drinking water," replied Mrs. Wadsworth, who had no nonsense in her composition.

"Yes, I am going to drown myself in the cistern."

"Very well," she responded, calmly, "get through the rash act as soon as convenient, but take off those shoes first."

"What for?"

"Because some man who has got more sense will be slipping into your shoes, and I don't want them spoiled. Water gardens shoes, and if he has corns the hard shoes will hurt them."

Wadsworth, instead of taking a header and disappearing shut the trap-door of the cistern with such violence that the neighbors thought burglars were blowing a safe open.

Darby and Joan.

The term "Darby and Joan" originated in a popular ballad written by Henry Woodfall in the last century. It is not generally known that the two characters of the ballad were real personages. John Darby and his wife Joan lived at Bartholomew Close, and died in 1730. In the poem Joan gets dissatisfied with being a household drudge, and declares that her work is harder than her husband's labors in the field. He offers to exchange places with her, and she consents. The result is that both are quite content to go back into their legitimate spheres.

The Letter's Condition.

Employer—What do you mean by letting that letter blow out of the window? You must be drunk.

Clerk—No, sir; I am not drunk, but I regret to say that the letter is three sheets in the wind.—Exchange.